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REMEDY

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has been afflicted with the most distressing
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town and village. It is a most
valuable medicine, and is sold in every
town and village.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VIII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1879.

NUMBER 50.

POETRY.

The Four Sisters.

Once there were four little sisters,
Each one of them fair to behold;
But, and to relate, they wouldn't agree,
Nor peacefully dwell in one fold.
They quarrelled and stormed, and disputed;
They snarled at each other and hooted!
They were cast in such different mold!

The first one that came was the sweetest,
Though when she was young she was wild;
But as she grew older none wished her.
A temper more gentle and mild.
With birds, and with music and flowers,
With sunshine and sweet falling showers,
She danced, and she caroled and smiled.

The second more passionate was
More wilful and wayward and gay;
She gathered the roses and flung them aside
When next she was sent out to play.
But the winds that blew hither and thither
From their far northern home, would just
with her

This tropical child in a day!

The third one was richest of all.
She was grand, she was stately and fair,
The glory of auster, so purple and fine,
Lit up the rich depths of her hair.
While others had planted and watered and
waited

(To whom this fair damsel was nearly related)

She gathered the fruits of her care.

Then came the fourth, with a roar and a rush—

The little boy says she is best—

But of what can it be, of what can it be

This dashing young miss is in quest?

It must be the route to the old Arctic Ocean,
To which she has taken so violent a notion.

She enters the field with such zest.

There they are all, so perfect, apart,
Upbringing, beloved, from Nature's great heart,
Now who are the sisters—can any one say?

For ages they've lived and they're living to-day!

STORE TELLER.

THE WIDOW'S LIFE OF FAITH.

A STORY FOR THANKSGIVING.

The Widow Barty lived on a side
street in the small town of Brookville.
She was a little, wizened old body, but
her generous, loving nature was by no
means represented in her wrinkled and
withered exterior any more than a dia
mond ring could be represented by its
dusty and faded leather case. Her
pleasant sunny temper was more like
God's sunshine than anything else, for
it had brightened the very clouds of
her life until now, at the approach of
sunset, her sky was rich with the crimson
and gold of love and peace.

Not much, indeed, was there in this
poor woman's lot in life to give her
such contentment, for she had had
poverty and weakness to combat with
through long years, but these giants
which have quenched hope in many a
heart failed to intimidate her. God
had crowned her victor over these and
many other troubles through fulfill
ment of the promise, "Thou wilt keep
him in perfect peace whose mind is
stayed on Thee."

The Widow Barty earned a scanty
living by drafts upon the plans and re
sources and employments to which
poor widows have always had recourse;
she did a day's work now and again
when she could get it to do; she nursed
sick people, such as could not afford
to pay for more experienced
nurses; and she had a basket of tapes,
buttons, pins, etc., with which she
went from house to house in Brook
ville and honestly tried to give her
customers full value for their money.

The widow was obliged to work
hard, for she had a family to support.
They were not of her own kindred, for
there were none living to whom she was
united by the ties of blood. But it
was quite impossible for her to
close the door of her heart; neither
the ivy vine and weeds of selfishness,
nor the rust of slothfulness twined
about its hinges; it stood wide open,
so that through it had crept into her
home as motley a family as ever dwelt
harmoniously under one roof. There
was Granny Jenkins, helpless and
blind. Her townsmen had consigned
her to the almshouse, or would have
done so had not the Widow Barty of
fostered her shelter, remembering the
golden rule, and knowing there was
little comfort under the government
of foreign officials in the county poor
house.

There were also the twins, Tilly and
Milly, as they were called, Matilda and
Pamela, as they had been christened.
Their mother would have died friend
less and alone, had not Widow Barty
stood at her bedside and lightened her
last hours by promising to provide for
the two crying children who, at her
death, would become orphans. And,
as if the care of the aged and of chil
dren did not give work enough for
the declining strength of the poor
widow, there came to her door one
day a poor imbecile, familiarly known
in the town as "Simple Pete"; he
came and refused to go away. With
that certain foxy cunning which some
times takes the place vacated by the
higher faculties, he seemed to recog
nize the weak spot in the widow's
heart, and to know that although every

one else might drive him away, she
would not, and he was right. She
remembered how his poor mother had
wrestled with sickness and poverty to
keep a home for her half-witted boy,
and now the boy had none to care for
him, it seemed natural that he should
come to her. "If he has a mind to
stay, poor creature," she said, "it is
not in me to set him adrift."

She excused herself—somehow peo
ple do have to offer some excuse when
they go out of the narrow path in
which their neighbors walk—she ex
cused herself to the wondering and
fault-finding with the plea that she
needed some one to bring in wood
and water. But she failed to make
her excuse valid, for she never obliged
Pete to go out in cold or wet weather,
but did the work herself, which he
professed to do in order to earn his
portion of daily bread.

How the widow managed to support
this family no one could tell. It was
with her a daily life of prayer and
work. She lived Muller's life of faith,
although she did not call it such. Why
should she? Muller's! Nay, it was
the Christ-life she had. Her faith and
love blossomed out in good deeds. In
one period of the world's history she
might have been burned as a witch for
she managed to live and support her
burdensome family no body knew how;
or in some other period she might
have been canonized as a saint, for her
bread was supplied as by a constant
miracle. The daily self-denial by which
she eked out the scanty loaf
was only known to God, and in that
sense she fed her poor dependents
with the bread of heaven.

There is, however, a generous re
sponse in the hearts of good people at
the sight of unselfish benevolence, and
many a basket of nice food, and many
a warm garment found its way to the
widow's house, although she never
asked for help. "These things came,"
she said, "in direct answer to prayer."
How far you agree with her depends
upon your opinions as to this "life of
faith" just now so much talked about.

We now come to an incident in the
widow's history which brought her,
for the time, more prominently into
public notice, and threw a little of the
light of romance over her every day
life. It seemed to change the aspect
of her homely charity, just as at times
the dew and sun combine to deck with
glittering gems the common grass in
our doorways.

The same Providence, which rules
even the fall of the sparrow, ordained
that an accident which occurred in
the town of Brookville should happen
directly in front of Widow Barty's
house, and her good deeds so long
done in secret were, through it, re
warded openly.

Josiah Ferguson, a rich old bachelor,
and one of the prominent men in the
town, had purchased a new horse, and
with undue confidence in the knowl
edge of horses, he trusted to his own
management of the spirited animal.
His confidence was misplaced, as he
found to his sorrow when, an hour af
ter, he lay seriously injured before
the door of Widow Barty. She ran
out to his assistance. Tilly and Mil
ly were sent for the doctor, and sim
ple Pete for his neighbors.

Josiah was carried into the widow's
humble home and laid on a bed from
which he never arose.

The Lord had a lesson both for
Josiah Ferguson and Widow Barty;
to the one He taught the lesson through
two weeks of great suffering; to the
other through two weeks of constant
care and wakefulness. What Josiah
learned was the value of a God-fearing,
unselfish heart. The lesson taught
the widow was one which few of us
need; because to souls less generous
than she, it comes naturally. She,
dear soul, learned that there is a limit
to human endurance, that she was too
weak and worn out to work much long
er. Perhaps a kind Providence gave
her this lesson as a preparation for
the greater appreciation of the gifts
she was about to receive.

Josiah had led a thoughtless and
therefore a godless life. He was rich
and wise as to worldly things but poor
and ignorant as to heavenly things,
but his soul was not entirely encrusted
with worldliness, there were chinks
and crevices through which the sun
might still shine into the better nature
within. God let him see what a noble
life was. Despite her poverty and
want he recognized in the ministrations
of this poor woman one of those
who have been made as kings and
priests unto God. In the intervals of
suffering he watched from his bed the
little world in the next room. He saw
her as she fed blind Granny Jenkins,
as she taught the twins, as she darned
the stockings and mended the jack
et of simple Pete. He noted the fact
that at meal-time her own plate was
the most scanty, and that she denied
herself the food she needed, and who
for? For her own children? Was it
the animal instinct by which even the
lower animals care for their children?
Nay, those for whose sake she denied
herself had no claim on her except
that which her own generous nature
had instituted.

Josiah took note of this, and it fell
upon his heart as seed dropped into
furrows newly plowed.

One day the physician felt it his
duty in reply to the patient's inquiries
to tell him that all of life for him would
be ended in a few short days at most.

Josiah sent for the lawyer and the
minister, and made his will. After his
death it was soon known through
Brookville that the Widow Barty had
been left ten thousand dollars. All
Brookville knew it, but the widow her
self did not. She was too simple
hearted to expect any return for the
care which it was so natural for her to
give. She did not look to the pres
ent, but to the future for her reward,
that is, if she thought of a reward at
all.

One day the lawyer sent for the
Widow Barty.

"It is some tax or assessment,"
thought she, for she owned the lot of
ground on which her small house
stood.

She took with her the basket of
tapes so as to try and make some sales
by the way, something to pay for the
loaf which was waiting for supper.

The lawyer's mother sat darning
stockings. Her hand was thrust into
the toes of a well-darned pair as the
widow timidly offered the basket.

"Tape or batons? Not to-day, Sal
ly, but sit down. You look feeble, and
no wonder, kept up night after night
taking care of Josiah. But after all it
turned out well for you, didn't it?
Better than most of the things you do;
eh, Sally?"

The widow, feeble and weary, ac
quiesced simply because she didn't
know what the squire's mother meant.

"But now, Sally," continued the
lady, "let me give you a bit of advice:
when you get money take better care
of it. I don't see as you are called
upon to keep the blind, and the desti
tute folks. Let them go to the poor
house. We are taxed for their sup
port. The county officials are squan
dering the public money and you wear
yourself out to feed people that
ought to be in the poor-house."

Widow Barty was accustomed to
be spoken to as if she had committed
some sin by interposing between her
poor dependents and the almshouse,
and she was constantly inventing ex
cuses to hide behind. But now she
felt so weary that she could think of
nothing to say. She wiped the perspi
ration from her forehead with her
red cotton handkerchief and was quite
unlike the cheery creature she had
been in former days. Then she sigh
ed and began deprecatingly to say
something about the twins "being the
children of a proud mother, and hadn't
the Bible said that the seed of the
righteous shouldn't beg breed."

But the lady interrupted her. "You've
got nothing to do with making Scrip
ture texts turn out right. The Lord
will look after that himself. Let me
advise you to save your money for
yourself, Sally, or you'll run through
it before you know what you are
about. You're very improvident, even
your best friends must allow that."

The old lady emphasized her words
with her outstretched hand on which
was the stocking, the long needle full
of stitches being pointed towards her.
Poor widow Barty felt quite down
hearted. Save up her money? She
had not a penny to buy bread, and to
morrow was Thanksgiving.

"This is a wicked world, Sally; ev
ery one will be trying to impose on
you. I know the world better than
you do, and—"

I have observed that when people
speak of "knowing the world" they in
variably mean the wickedness of
the world. I have yet to find the per
sons who, speaking of "knowing so
much of the world," allude to the good
ness in it.

The lady never finished her sen
tence in which she proposed to give
her experience in "knowing the world."
For just then, the lawyer, her son, en
tered, and in boisterous tones he ex
claimed, "Hallo, Sally, so you are an
heirress, eh? You'll have to invite me
to Thanksgiving dinner to-morrow!"
The widow was thoroughly bewilder
ed. The empty purse in her pocket
seemed a poor subject to joke about,
and she was weak from the effect of
hunger that very moment.

The lawyer was obliged to give
both time and patience to make "Sally"
understand that a legacy had been
left her in the will of Josiah Ferguson.
That any should think of leaving her
money seemed so improbable that it
was difficult to convince her that it
was really possible.

The distant relatives of the testa
tor may have begrudged her the
money, for none of them knew her,
but all the neighbors rejoiced that it
had been left to her, and I have no
doubt that people are more apt to re
joice with them that rejoice, than to
weep with them that weep. It was
certainly significant of the confidence
felt in the principles of this guileless
woman that not one in all Brookville
for a moment entertained the thought
that she had exercised that influ
ence over Josiah Ferguson in re
gard to the will.

At the Thanksgiving dinner pre
pared the next day by the widow for
her family the legacy was the chief
topic of conversation, and their com
ments on it were as various as their
characters.

Simple Pete, whose favorite Bible
story was that of Daniel in the lion's
den, said the widow was like Daniel?
Inasmuch as she had obtained deliv
erance from the lions of poverty, weak
ness and want, the poor boy's idea
was not so silly as the twins seemed to
think it.

Blind Granny Jenkins said that the
Bible told folks when they had made
a feast to invite the blind and the
lame, and they would be rewarded,
and that as the widow had all her life
spread her table for just such, now
she was rewarded.

The twins regarded the legacy as
the fulfillment of the many promises
in the Psalms to the effect that they
that trust the Lord shall not want any
good thing.

But while all Brookville looked
upon the legacy in the light of a reward
for her goodness, the humble woman
herself could not be made to believe
that she had done anything worthy of
reward. She accepted what God gave
her with a grateful heart, none the
less so because in her humility she ac
cepted it as a free gift from God and
not a reward of merit.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 18, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Some talkative
critics, not a league from this institu
tion, have declared Belle L.—to have
disappeared as she came, and seem to
know who she is better than she does
herself, but will not venture to begin
her name with an O or a G, saying
they never like to tell secrets, while
your correspondent looks on, laughing
in her sleeve. However, as she has
made her humble appearance again,
she hopes your readers will excuse her
liberty of beginning without entertain
ing them with a long discussion over
the state of the weather, so smoothly
practiced by one who wishes to renew
the acquaintance of an old friend or slide
into a conversation with a new one,
till he finally makes known the topics
he really wishes to discuss as smoothly
as morning glides into evening, it mat
ters not whether he wishes to borrow
an umbrella, or tries to make the old
folks believe he has called on purpose
to see if Kate's brother is at home,
when he knows he is not. So as your
correspondent has neither one of these
subjects to make known, she hopes
L.—did not judge from her own feel
ings, but merely from what she was
an eye witness of.

Seldom, if ever, have the female pu
pils taken such an active part in
amusements, as they have this season.
No sooner was the excursion to Cape
May over, than one of our worthy direc
tors, Mr. Patterson, presented all the
classes with tickets to the Zoological
Garden, and now class after class may
be seen peeping through the bars at
that Darwinian resort.

Hollow-eve was the first festival
that hailed us this season, and the
girls celebrated it with unusual gaiety.
A week or two before hand the Y. L. L.
Society resolved to have a soiree at
their reading room on the night men
tioned which none but invited guest
were to attend, but as the evening ap
proached, the anxiety of the others
praised us to change our minds, and
announce that the party would be given
in the spacious play-room, and all
might attend. Apples provided by
the society were bestowed upon who
ever was capable of fishing them out
of a large pan of water with their teeth,
but only a few succeeded in this mirth
ful act, but the less fortunate ones
were not neglected, as our kind Su
perintendent had seen that there were
plenty for all. Among the many pleas
ant tricks that were played, one awoke
a great deal of curiosity, which I will
not fully describe here for the sake of
brevity; however, some were com
pelled to consult a witch in the dark
where they saw the face of their future
partner reflected in a glass, and received
a note prognosticating their future
condition in life. The note of one
which unfortunately found an empty
glass, read as follows:

"Forever and ever you are doomed
to be an old maid, with plenty to do,
and plenty to say, even about those
who don't know you. You may con
tinue to wait, hope, and watch, but he
will never pass your way." Another
whose glass showed fully the future
read thus:

"Remember and say yes, because that
one little word will brighten your fu
ture fate. Beware, you have a rival."
When the party broke up all expressed
themselves highly pleased and retired.
To enable the pupils to regard the
Sabbath with more strictness, a Sun
day-school has been organized, to con
tinue from 2 p. m. to 3 p. m., by the
girls who have been kindly assisted by
Miss M. J. Boardman, who has taken
a deep interest in our society, and
furnished us with all books and cards
necessary to begin with, and papers,
such as speaking children are accus

tomed to get at their Sunday schools.
Last Sabbath, every one that could re
peat the Lord's prayer and the Ten
Commandments received as a reward
a New Testament. The number of
classes being ten, the following young
ladies of the High Class acted as teach
ers: Misses H. K. Whiteman, K. L.
Tarbot, L. E. Smith, L. K. Nicholas,
E. J. Hutcherson, H. B. Burge, A. E.
Annis, N. B. Weil, J. A. Foley and S.
L. Barston, a former pupil.

We recently had a call from Mr.
John Downing, a young Indian stu
dent from Virginia, and a few weeks
later, the Principal of the Rochester
Institution and his wife made us a fly
ing visit.

Miss A. E. Annis, a pupil of this
Institution, who was admitted to the
School of Design for Women, last
year, has just finished a fine group of
autumn flowers from nature, in water
colors, and bids fair to reach the point
she is aiming at. Miss Nettie R. Weil,
a charming young lady, still at school,
was pronounced the prettiest belle at
a recent party given in the high circle
of society in which she moves.

BELLA L.

ROME NOTES.

Thanksgiving was a gala day for
the pupils of the Rome Institution.
It dawned rather murky to be sure,
but they had enough sunshine in their
hearts to make up for that and to
spare. There was no school, for we
don't believe in doing anything, es
pecially of the Thanksgiving kind, by
halves. There was merely a short
service in the chapel at 11 o'clock that
our Principal might explain the pur
port of Thanksgiving Day, and count
over some of the things we ought to
be thankful for, and finally to offer up
our own thanks, with the countless
thousands of others all over our land
to the Throne of Grace. At one
o'clock precisely the boys and girls
marched into the dining-rooms and
took their seats at the tables, which
were enough to make the daintiest
epicure's mouth water. It was a sight
worth seeing, the bright, eager faces of
the boys and girls whose mouths wa
tered at the sight before them, and the
snow white cloths with their art
istically arranged burdens of dainties.
I will not attempt to give the bill of
fare for I cannot remember half the
good things on the board. Besides the
conventional turkey, cranberry
sauce and mince pie and crullers there
was no end of other appetizing dainties
such as young folks delight in.
After grace had been said by Mr.
Chamberlain, the gentlemen teachers
lent a hand to carve the turkeys and
serve them out, after which the young
ones fell to. How they enjoyed them
selves, only you would not like to
have been in the place of the feathers,
or, for the occasion, featherless bipeds.
Any stray turkey that might have
been strolling around would have
stood aghast at the ruthless slaughter
of her kin. The sight of the merry
eaters carried me back to the old times
long ago when I was a sturdy urchin
and used to glory in my superior gas
tronomical powers on such occasions,
and I very well recollect the fate of a
couple of stray hens, that, venturing
within our domain, fell a prey to ruth
less hands, and after being smuggled
in a carpet bag across the bounds to
a safe place on the rocks, were divest
ed of what feathers we could pull out,
cut up and put into an old iron glue
heater to boil. We gathered round
the little campfire and watched with
eager eyes and open noses the simmer
ing pot. As soon as the smell of hen
was distinguishable above the various
other odors it was too much for the
gnawing pangs of our hunger, and we
pitched in and had a "divide" though
not without some disagreement as to
whose lot should fall the drumsticks
and to whose the piece that used to
jump over the fence last. There was
no seasoning, if I except the fact that
they were boiled in salt water. That
was long ago, but looking down the
long line of Thanksgiving turkeys it
has been my lot to review, I don't think
a single "greater" ever tasted so good
to me as those half-boiled stray hens.

After our pupils had pretty well filled
out their jackets and the hooks and
eyes had begun to feel the extra strain,
our Principal had new cider brought
from his private barrel and the mugs
were filled and the turkey and stuffing
and mince pie were washed down. Af
ter dinner the boys and girls amused
themselves in a quiet way indoors or
walked round in the frosty air, all the
surplus energy being devoted to the
digest of the dinner. In the evening
there was a re-union of the boys and
girls where was quite a variety of en
tertainments. A couple of the girls
recited a war song composed principal
ly of choruses, and a piece of poetry.
A sheet was put up and Master Bos
som executed a series of unheard acro
batic feats behind it with the assis
tance of a tallow dip. He would
climb up in the air on nothing and
come down, bump, head first from un
told heights, but without injury to his
cranium and such. Old Mr. Cham
berlain also showed us that age had but

whetted his appetite and strengthen
ed his stomach. He actually swallow
ed sundry old shoes whole without so
much as licking them down first.
From this my readers can form some
idea of the tough, slippery old gent
he is. Some of the boys and girls fix
ed themselves out in grotesque cos
tumes and stalked around raising
much mirth. Then some danced pol
kas, quadrilles till it was time to go
to bed, when the happy throng broke up
and went to bed to dream of turkey
mares and other Thanksgiving hob
goblins. Hardly a half dozen of our
pupils went home Thanksgiving. All
are enjoying excellent health. We
number 145 pupils. There are more
than 150 on the roll, but the first num
ber is pretty high all we can at pres
ent handle. I am venerationly your
OLD MAN.

Rome, Nov. 28th, 1879.

FROM MISSISSIPPI.

EARLY GROVE, Miss., Nov. 29, 1879.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—My intention
was to write for the JOURNAL sooner,
but I was unable to sit up. I fell from
my buggy while Miss Ellen Boswell
and I were returning home from the
marriage of Mr. Max Wanderlich and
Miss Sallie Allen, who were married
on the evening of the 18th of this
month. The wedding passed very
pleasantly. They had a fine supper
with cakes, nuts, raisins, oranges,
candies, etc.

The young ladies of Ashland are
about to have a Christmas tree on the
night of the 24th of December, with
suitable festivities. The admission
price is 50 cents; to those under the
age of 15, 25 cents. I had a letter
from Miss Mamie Bright asking me
to attend. I accepted the invitation
with pleasure, and expect to be there.
There is a mate lady by the name of
Miss Maggie Wright living in Ripley,
Miss., 15 miles west of Ashland.

This State Senate, elected on the
4th inst., consists of 35 Democrats, 2
Greenbackers, and one Republican.
The House of Representatives consists
of 70 Democrats, 10 Greenbackers, 3
Republicans, and 4 Independents.
There are two colored members of the
Legislature. There is a large colored
school in Holly Springs which has
160 or 170 pupils. Some of the colored
people talk of going to Kansas this
winter. Holly Springs is improving
rapidly.

Father is in Arkansas now. He left
home last Tuesday. I was at mother's
last Thursday night; they will not
expect him home under two weeks.

I will remit my subscription when
the time expires I will send two dol
lars. I like the paper very much. I
hope our Lord will bless the JOURNAL
and lead its readers to support it lib
erally.

To-day is very cold. We have had
several frosts here. I have very nearly
gathered my crops. I feel much better
but walk with a crutch. My thigh has
been badly bruised; the bone pains
me very severely.

Very respectfully,
JAMES W. McALEXANDER.

1880. THE 1880.
SILENT PEOPLE.

THE DEAF-MUTE NEWSPA
PER.

Independent in Every
Thing—Neutral in
Nothing.

ISSUED—BI-WEEKLY—BY
ABBOTT & LIVINGSTONE.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, DEC. 11, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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The Anniversary of the Birth of Dr. H. P. Peet.

The New York Institution very properly celebrate the anniversary of the birth of Dr. H. P. Peet, its founder. His life work had probably more effect for good upon the profession of deaf-mute teaching than will ever be adequately understood. It is easy to imagine the New York Institution of his time falling into other hands, and growing only as others grow, a follower and imitator always, a leader and pattern never. Those who delve deep into the history of the profession, will find in the archives of his time models for almost every work of the present day. We may improve upon some doubtless, but we should never slight the Creator.

Those in charge of institutions for the deaf or familiar with their workings, can best estimate the herculean labors which Dr. Peet imposed upon himself. We give a synopsis: He was secretary of the Board of Directors for fourteen years, and afterwards for many years its President; he gave personal attention to inculcating and enforcing habits of order and neatness among the pupils; he conducted in the early years, without assistance, and always continued to do in his turn, the daily religious exercises of the school; on Sundays he delivered two religious lectures in signs; he attended to the school-room arrangements of the classes and prepared lessons for the younger pupils; he kept the accounts and conducted the correspondence of the institution; he planned numerous improvements in all departments of the establishment, and superintended their execution; and in addition to all this work, he taught with his accustomed eminent ability, a class during the regular school hours. Then he had all the grand line of instructors, for which his institution has always been noted, to originate and train.

The anniversary of his natal day naturally brings all these things up in review, and the young man about to graduate from the school this great man reared, may well ponder upon these bits of personal history, and consider whether equal effort on his part, directed in other ways, will not insure results as solid, if not as grand.

Why They Cannot Walk Straight.

It often happens that a deaf-mute, or more particularly a semi-mute, does not walk very straight at night. He staggers more or less. To think that he has been drinking is a very hasty conclusion, and is generally liable to be wrong. The disease that destroys the hearing often has additional effects and one of them is that semi-mutes zig-zag more or less in their walk, and particularly so at night. We have known cases where this involuntary walking has been cited as proof of excessive tipping, and probably the uninitiated when they see a particularly bad case will think so too. It sometimes comes hard upon a sensitive and temperate deaf-mute; and the explanation is simple and usually satisfactory. It is one of the ills we have got to bear, and be thankful that it is no worse.

CONTENTIBLE BUSINESS.

The Texas Institution complains, and with reason, that those who were officers a year ago, but have been discharged, are using their influence to keep pupils at home away from the instruction of those who have taken their places.

The man who does this has mistaken his calling and is totally unfit ever again to have charge of a class of deaf-mutes, or of any other class. He should be excommunicated from the profession of teaching. His conduct implies,

in the first place, that nobody but himself is capable of doing his work. The transit from this vanity to the conviction that nobody else has any business in his shoes, is comparatively easy. Then, to hold his own, he overthrows one of the first principles of government and inculcates on growing youth the idea that disobedience and insubordination to, and the picking of, masters is permissible and necessary in order to be manly and independent. If the after doings of these officers throw any light on their former conduct, it is little wonder that the Texas Institution has been in a continual ferment.

With the quibbles of officers as such, we have nothing to do. They are old enough to know what they are about. But when it comes to a question of precept and example to the pupils, we think it time to cry shame and to denounce the proceeding as contemptible.

LET US HELP ONE ANOTHER.

Why not? Love fulfills the law, and love is never indifferent—never idle. It would seem that we who suffer alike should feel for each other and seize upon every opportunity to give the aid we are all, at times, so glad to receive. For example: an institution for the deaf and dumb is established in a city in whose vicinity are mute farmers. In the school are large numbers to be fed. Why should not its supplies come directly from from these farmers, if they will sell as cheaply as others? It would seem that by dispensing with the middlemen the institution could save money and the mute husbandman receive the full market price for his produce. If such an arrangement were entered into how secure he would feel in knowing when his sales were to be made, how ambitious that everything carried there should be of the best quality! There it would be remarked, "This excellent butter came from the dairy of Mrs. Pond Jones, the mute wife of a mute farmer; or, these potatoes were raised by Mr. Barnes, and this fine maple sugar was manufactured by Simeon Gray, both brother mutes. These things show thrift."

But we are not sure that such a state of things often exists. Why not? Do not mutes make as good butter and maple syrup, or raise as mealy potatoes as other people? If not, they need to become ambitious to do better than other people; in some good way they should make gain of their loss of hearing. Is it harder to deal with them than with those who hear and speak? Then they need to study fairness and uprightness in dealing. They should not expect people to overlook dishonesty or slackness in them more than in others. They have, most of them, excellent eyes and hands and the Bible.

But we are not willing to admit that as a class mutes fail in these respects, and, if they do their work as well, is it anything more than fair that their more fortunate brethren, some of them receiving aid from the State, should buy what they have to sell, or employ them when there is need? This is the only aid we like to receive and it is the aid almost all of us are obliged to ask. It does not, or should not, humiliate, and it encourages and inspires wonderfully. Let us watch for opportunities to help one another.

THE OLD DODGE.

We notice that there is no abatement in the deaf-mute dodge.

The other day, in the city of Utica, which, by the way, has more than its share of recent thefts, a young man was caught in the hall of an elegant residence by one of the servants. With hardened presence of mind he pulled out slate and pencil, wrote that he was deaf and dumb and wanted to see the man of the house, expecting, evidently, to walk away with a nice overcoat and umbrella as soon as the servant's back was turned. But fortunately for the family, the servant, a masculine sort of person, pointed to the door and said "git," under the quickening influence of which elegant expression the thief took his departure.

We occasionally hear of the professional beggar, who commits the blunder supposed to happen to even the best regulated mendicant, and goes to his corner with his "I am deaf and dumb" placard conspicuously arranged, keeps his eyes shut when any one is near, and regularly shouts his "God bless you," when any nickels fall his way, till some discerning individual gets him into a chat and all of a sudden wants to know what he means by dubbing himself deaf and dumb. Persons taken by surprise usually do something ridiculous, and our impudent beggar opens his eyes, looks at his placard and says he must have hung out the wrong sign!

Recently a boy, claiming to be a deaf-mute, went to a physician's house in Michigan and unfolded these genealogical statistics: his father was aged 100, his mother 68 and he, himself, 17. So credulous a doctor, taking this young rascal in and keeping him over night, need not have been surprised to find his watch missing along with the boy on the following morning. He wrote to the Michigan Institution detailing the facts and seeking for information of his visitor. Of course nothing was known about him there, and he will keep on fooling other people until he is nabbed.

We do not like to be cheated, nor to see other people taken in; but when a physician sees nothing out of the way in the statement of a stranger that he is seventy, his father a hundred and his mother sixty-eight years old, we do not feel like gauging the keenness of the rest of mankind.

A CHANGE IN THE BOSTON SERVICE.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will conduct a service for deaf mutes in Boston on Sunday afternoon, December 21st instead of December 14th. The service will be held in the Sunday school-room of St. Paul's Church at 3:15 p. m. Dr. Gallaudet will preach on the deaths of Professors Bartlett and Van Nostrand.

On Sunday evening, December 21st, at 7:30 o'clock, there will be a public service in St. Paul's Church in the interests of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes. The service will be read by the rector, Rev. W. W. Newton and interpreted by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. An address will be made in relation to the education of deaf-mutes, the sign language and the progress of church work among the deaf-mutes of our country. A general attendance of deaf-mutes and their friends is requested.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

At a meeting of the Principal, teachers and pupils of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, held in the chapel of the institution, December 1st, 1879; the following preamble and resolutions offered by Mr. F. D. Clarke, and seconded by Mr. R. B. Lloyd, were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has seemed best to an All-wise Providence to remove to a better and brighter world, our friend and co-laborer, Professor Jacob Van Nostrand, for forty-one years a teacher of the deaf and dumb, twenty-two of which were spent in the service of this institution, and a man of note in his profession, whose place it will be difficult, if not impossible, to fill, therefore,

Resolved, That, in his death, the cause of deaf-mute instruction has met with a loss that will be long and sorely felt. His bright intelligence and steadfast zeal, his dignified urbanity of manner and felicity of diction, his scrupulous fidelity, inexhaustible ingenuity and Christian patience formed a teacher whose equal will not soon be found.

Resolved, That we have lost in him an adviser ever ready to draw from a vast fund of practical experience for those who sought his counsel; a beloved friend and brother; a bright example of Christian simplicity and unselfish integrity.

Resolved, That we tender to his bereaved wife and family, in this their hour of heart-breaking sorrow and bitter affliction, when all the future seems dreary, and dark is their pathway through life, our heartfelt sympathy, acknowledging how feeble are words to soothe their sorrow, or to bear from our hearts to theirs the thoughts that rise too fast for utterance, but still unwilling to allow a sacred duty to pass undone:

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and that they be presented for publication to the *American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb*, the *DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL* and the *Educator*.

ISAAC LEWIS PEET, Chairman.

WESTON JENKINS, Secretary.

THE TROY CLUB.

Troy, December 7th, 1879. EDITOR JOURNAL.—The meeting of the Deaf-Mute Club was held on Saturday evening, November 8th. President Collins, and Vice President C. A. Smith debated the question, "Which is the best business for deaf-mutes, farming or trades?" The question was not decided.

Another meeting was held on Saturday night, Nov. 23d, when Secretary Ritter gave a lecture on "Obedience." At a third meeting, held on Saturday night, the 6th of this month, Secretary Ritter and Treasurer H. B. Brown debated the question, "Which is the most extravagant in dress: man or woman?" The question was not decided.

Mr. and Mrs. Burt, of Ticonderoga came to Troy to see their mother last Wednesday. They say that they are going to live in Troy because he cannot work. The mutes of the club were very glad to see Mr. and Mrs. Burt so well.

It is fair and pleasant to-day, Sunday.

Yours truly,

SECRETARY OF THE CLUB.

NOTICE.

Miss Annie Bentz, of York, Pa., a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution and a first class seamstress, is desirous of obtaining work in that line in any institution for deaf-mutes. For her ability as a seamstress she has good recommendation, and is ready to go at the first call.

Address Miss Annie Bentz, York, Pa.

The Itinerary.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itinerary*.

An Indian squaw recently visited the Tennessee Institution.

The Kentucky Institution is preparing one of its former pupils for college.

The boys of the Kentucky Institution are addicted to playing prisoner's base by moonlight.

A deaf-mute named James St. John was recently run over and instantly killed near Kohomo, Ind.

The number of pupils at present at the Kentucky Institution is 115,—30 more than last session.

The Tablet speaks of an Asst. Ed. Good heavenly what does the senior editor do on such a large paper?

There was joy in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge of Springfield, O., on Nov. 25th.—Cause, the arrival of a boy baby to gladden home.

JEFF. B. BUNNY, who recently graduated from the Kentucky Institution, has succeeded in obtaining a position on the *Clarksville (Tenn.) Chronicle*.

It has been reported to us that our friend Mr. Heyman is engaged to be married. We hope it is true for he is getting on in years and it is about time he was settled in life.

MR. LAWRENCE JONES, of Richland, expects to pull down his old home next spring and build a new one. Of course it will be larger and finer. We congratulate Mr. Jones on his prosperity.

HENRY STEMMERDINO, a pupil of the Ohio Institution from Cincinnati, while running and jumping about the desks in the study-room lately, fell and broke his left arm at the elbow.

STEPHEN P. FIELDS, a deaf-mute of this village, has recently returned from a week's visit to his mother who lives Fabius, N. Y. He has had steady work at farming near this place for the past six or eight months.

The Cincinnati Board of Education has agreed upon a series of regulations by which the pupils attending the deaf-mute school in that city are boarded at the rate of \$10 per month, which is certainly cheap.

MISS MARY McCLAMRY, a deaf-mute lady of St. Louis, has a quilt made by her own hands containing 7,990 pieces. Who can beat that? The work was very tedious. It took two years to complete it. She was only 14 years of age when she made it.

ONE DRUGGIST, a graduate of the New York Institution, and a shoemaker by trade, was killed by the cars near Greenville, Mich., lately. Following the above came the news of the sudden death, by the same cause, of David Struble, Sr., near Youngstown, O.

A writer says: "I recently noticed an editorial on the subject of agriculture for the deaf." Why don't the principal of the New York Institution send some of his mute teachers to farming? As instructors they are failures, but as farm laborers they may succeed.

A negro boy by the name of W. H. Baker has been playing upon the charity of the Jacksonville, O., people by pretending to be deaf and dumb. He was getting along pretty well with his trick until he was arrested for stealing a pair of boots, when suddenly his speech and hearing were restored as if by magic.

The deaf-mute boys can hardly wait. Leap year being very near, their hearts are beating excitedly in view of anticipated proposals. They expect to find themselves married without any trouble and that very soon. Don't be in a hurry, boys, the girls haven't thought anything about it yet.

The weather on these December days is wonderful, mild, snowless and often bright as it is. We cannot call this winter, nor is it any other season of the year. Nature seems hushed and waiting for—what. But it is no proof of prudence to prophesy evil. Let us be thankful for the present good.

GEORGE D. GRAVES, brother-in-law of Dr. DeMotte, principal of the Wisconsin Institute, died in Dubuque, Wis., on the 3d inst. His disease was consumption. His body was taken for interment to Jacksonville, Ill., where his parents reside. We tender to Mrs. DeMotte and her husband our warmest sympathy.

SINCE the advent of pedestrianism into Columbus, the boys of the Ohio Deaf-Mute Institution have somewhat caught the fever, and are doing their share of walking. The place selected for their contests is the play-room, which, by the way, just meets the demands. It requires 22 rounds or laps to complete a mile, and the fastest time on record thus far made is ten minutes.

Thus is what the New Albany, Ind., correspondent of the *Louisville Courier Journal* has to say about Rev. Mr. Mann's service at St. Paul's, New Albany: "Rev. Mr. Mann, a deaf-mute, lectured at the Episcopal church last night to a good audience. He first gave his discourse by signs, and afterwards his remarks were audible by Rev. Francis Dunham, the pastor."

This Cleveland mutes have had their festival and enjoyed it. They wish to express their thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Meyer, who placed their residence at their disposal for the festivities. An oyster supper was served at about eight o'clock, after which story telling and conversation were indulged in until about ten o'clock. The proceeds, amounting to \$6.25 over and above expenses, are for the benefit of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

The *Saginaw Bulletin*, Vol. 1, No. 1, has been received with the compliments of John Brooks, who is foreman of the office. It is a large folio, the size of the *Saginaw Herald*, and is started with the idea of making money, we should judge. Independent in politics and everything else, it strikes out to lit wherever a head is to be seen, like the guest at the Irishman's party. We wish the new venture success, and should be glad to place it upon our files regularly.—*Mirror*.

A one-cent evening paper has been recently established at Columbus, O., and at the institution for the deaf and dumb it takes like hot pancakes. As high as eight copies of an evening have been purchased by the pupils, who eagerly scan its contents. A healthy sign certainly—the more newspapers of good character deaf-mutes read the better it will be for their educational interest, while at the same time they will be putting their money where it will do the most good.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMBERTON, in his *Thoughts About Art*, says, in effect, that the painter has by far a harder task than the musician. The latter may possibly delight his audience, for they have never listened to a choir of angels, but those who view the painter's work compare it with the work of God. So we say though it is sad not to hear it is sadder not to see. Ears are good, but eyes are better. Let mutes use their eyes and they will learn what music is. Why do they not more frequently learn drawing and painting, which is really learning to see, or, as Ruskin says, "getting back to the innocence of sight."

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL—\$1.50 a year in advance.

The Deaf-Mute National Convention.

We desire all deaf-mutes of this country who intend to attend the national re-union to send their names, addresses, and the designated places and specified days of August, 1880, at which and on which they desire to have the re-union held. The time to accomplish this purpose is extended till January 1st, 1880, when a count of the votes will take place, and the place and day preferred by a majority will be finally decided upon.

Below we insert the names of deaf-mutes who have already expressed their preferences:

CINCINNATI.

1. P. A. Emery, of Illinois, " " August 11th.
2. J. E. Gallagher, of " " " 15th.
3. James Fisher, of Georgia, " " " 15th.
4. H. B. Morris, of " " " 15th.
5. S. Freeman, of " " " 15th.
6. A. Rembeck, of " " " 15th.
7. E. C. Duncan, of " " " 15th.
8. T. H. Bowman, of " " " 15th.
9. W. N. Coleman, of South Carolina, " 21st.
10. W. N. Sparrow, of Massachusetts, " 21st.
11. H. Reed, of Wisconsin, " 25th.
12. R. E. Long, of Ohio, later part of Aug.
13. W. L. White, of New Hampshire, " "
14. Fred. Stickle, of Wisconsin, August 25th.
15. R. M. Zeigler, of Pennsylvania, " "
16. E. L. Yarnum, of Michigan, " "
17. J. P. Kelly, of Minnesota, " "
18. W. Robinson, of Wisconsin, " "
19. L. A. Palmer, of Tennessee, " "
20. J. H. Bryant, of Ohio, " "
21. W. A. Nelson, of Iowa, " "
22. T. A. Kiesel, of Delaware, " "
23. F. W. Shaw, of Ohio, " "
24. R. K. Koster, of Pennsylvania, " "
25. J. A. Trumble, of Maryland, " "
26. B. R. Allabough, of Pennsylvania, " "
27. P. S. Mosley, of " " "
28. R. N. Stevens, of Ohio, " "
29. F. W. Wood, of Massachusetts, " "
30. E. L. Hargis, of Kentucky, " "
31. M. B. Brown, of Indiana, " "
32. L. N. Hamner, of Tennessee, " "
33. T. P. Fox, of New York, " "
34. J. W. Bryant, of Tennessee, " "
35. M. J. Kendrick, of New York, " "
36. J. P. Hasenstab, of Indiana, " "
37. J. L. Smith, of Minnesota, " "
38. W. Collins, of Nebraska, " "
39. C. W. Caraway, of Mississippi, " "
40. J. T. Sansom, of Indiana, " "
41. H. B. Schory, of Ohio, " "
42. C. C. Godwin, of Illinois, " "
43. M. D. Lyon, of Kentucky, " "
44. L. W. Cullahan, of Pennsylvania, " "
45. W. Brookline, of " " "
46. H. B. Drake, of Ohio, " "
47. J. S. Truitt, of Massachusetts, " 21st.
48. G. W. Sawyer, of District of Columbia, 25th.
49. Alva Jeffords, of Illinois, " 25th.
50. J. H. Hammons, of Illinois, " 25th.
51. A. Bryant, of District of Columbia, " 25th.
52. Lester Goodman, of Illinois, " 25th.
53. J. G. Sen, of New York, " 25th.
54. Charles Kearney, of Indiana, " 20th.
55. N. F. Morrow, of Indiana, " "
56. J. Stark, of Virginia, " "
57. E. K. Keaton, of Wisconsin, " 21st.
58. Charles Bronson, of Indiana, " 25th.
59. R. B. Lawrence, of Louisiana, " "
60. B. A. Richards, of Indiana, " "
61. M. H. Hargis, of Kentucky, " "
62. C. P. Forderick, of Kentucky, " "
63. J. E. Yeager, of Kentucky, " "
64. T. B. Schofield, of Kentucky, " "
65. M. H. Hargis, of Kentucky, " "
66. Wm. Hack, of Indiana, " "
67. G. E. Brown, of Indiana, " 21st.
68. F. W. Bireley, of Vermont, " "
69. J. G. Dillman, of Indiana, " Aug. 25th.
70. H. H. Davis, of Massachusetts, " "
71. H. T. Dougherty, of Missouri, " "
72. J. W. Gray, of Kentucky, " Aug. 25th.
73. W. J. Blount, of Indiana, " "
74. R. D. Lee, of " " "
75. R. K. T. Hoagland, of Kentucky, " "
76. J. W. Brown, of Tennessee, " "
77. Wm. T. Campbell, of Missouri, " "
78. John T. Bove, of " " "
79. Louis Ruff, of " " "
80. A. Schmitz, of " " "
81. John Gill, of " " "
82. J. A. Madams, of Kentucky, " "
83. Peter Schwarz, of Maryland, " Aug. 25th.
84. J. E. Keaton, of " " "
85. C. W. Shilp, of " " "
86. J. A. Brandiff, of " " "
87. Wm. Van Aradell, of " " "
88. H. M. Mallick, of Pennsylvania, " "
89. Miss L. E. Shroyer, of Indiana, " "
90. A. J. Jett, of " " "
91. Henry Bierbaum, of " " "
92. Oren Archibald, of " " "
93. Chas. Gregory, of " " "
94. Mr. and Mrs. Corwin, of " " "
95. A. Rolander, of " " "
96. Miss Lucie Jagne, of Kentucky, " "
97. J. E. Slegman, of New York, " "

CHICAGO.

1. A. J. Andrews, of North Carolina, Aug. 25th.
2. J. C. Cross, of Indiana, " "
3. George L. Reynolds, of New York, " "
4. C. K. W. Strong, of the D. C., " "
5. H. H. Harris, of Minnesota, " "
6. J. E. Fox, of " " "
7. J. L. Bushman, of Minnesota, " "
8. E. A. Hodgson, of New York, " "
9. H. Eddy, of " " "

ST. LOUIS.

1. W. L. Ambrose, of Missouri, " Aug. 20th.

PITTSBURGH.

1. George Layton, of West Virginia, Aug. 25th.

SYRACUSE.

1. H. C. Rider, of New York, " Aug. 25th.
2. Stephen Simular, of " " "
3. L. N. Jones, of " " "
4. G. A. G. Chandler, of New York, " "
5. Miss H. A. Avery, of " " "
6. Stephen Field, of " " "
7. Chas. Engle, of " " "
8. H. W. Nutting, of " " "
9. H. Erbe, of Connecticut, " " "
10. J. C. Cox, of New Jersey, " " "
11. W. B. Halsey, of " " "
12. J. R. Pinn, of New York, " " "
13. Miss F. M. Morgan, of New York, " " "
14. Miss Sarah Gault, of " " "
15. Hiram L. Bat, of " " "
16. James M. Allen, of Connecticut, " " "
17. H. W. Green, of Massachusetts, " " "
18. W. J. Godfrey, of New York, " " "
19. W. J. Godfrey, of " " "
20. N. Denton, of " " "
21. J. D. Whitney, of " " "
22. Miss Jennie Dyer, of " " "
23. Alphonso Johnson, of " " "
24. Harry Van Allen, of " " "
25. Chas. R. Bailey, of " " "
26. Miss M. Schenck, of " " "
27. Geo. W. Schenck, of " " "
28. Henry Seidell, of " " "
29. Olin Hoxie, of " " "
30. Miss E. J. Knoll, of " " "
31. " Martha Hunter, of New York, " " "
32. " Mary Sample, of " " "
33. " Kate Arnold, of " " "
34. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Evans, of " " "
35. Robert Jory, of " " "
36. J. H. Winslow, of " " "
37. H. Fessenden, of " " "
38. " Taber, of " " "
39. F. B. Thompson, of New Jersey, " " "
40. Peter Houzel, of " " "
41. Smith Redman, of " " "
42. Wm. Van Velsor, of " " "
43. Wm. Piersen, of " " "
44. Henry Caldwell, of " " "
45. Geo. Vanman, of " " "
46. John Carter, of " " "
47. Mrs. Peter Houzel, of " " "
48. C. A. Montfort, of " " "
49. Mrs. Redman, of " " "
50. Miss L. Le. Crane, of " " "
51. Miss Emma Heubler, of " " "
52. Miss Sarah Harper, of " " "
53. Miss Eleanor Bonnell, of " " "
54. Miss Lucie Bonnell, of " " "
55. Miss Charlotte Conklin, of " " "
56. W. T. Collins, of New York, " " "
57. C. A. Smith, of " " "
58. J. C. Ritter, of " " "
59. Mr. and Mrs. Burt, of " " "
60. Miss Schmitt, of " " "
61. H. B. Brown, of " " "
62. Mrs. J. A. Adley, of " " "
63. Nye Brown, of " " "

—Gen. Jeff. C. Davis, a prominent General in the Union army during the Rebellion, died at Chicago, Ill., on the 30th of last month, of pneumonia, aged 53 years.

GRAND SOCIAL LEVEE AND BANQUET.

At Boston, Thursday Evening, Jan. 1st, 1880, for the Benefit of the Boston Deaf-Mute Society.

The Boston Deaf-Mute Society will hold a grand social levee at their new hall, No. 18 Essex street, Boston, on Thursday evening, Jan. 1st, 1880.

An excellent repast will be served at Webster's Dining Room, No. 101 Channery street, about 10 o'clock p. m., and will be supplemented by toasts, sentiments, &c.

Mr. John Carlin, of New York city, will deliver a lecture before the Boston Deaf-Mute Society in their hall on Wednesday evening, Dec. 21st, 1879. All are cordially invited to come and hear his lecture free of charge. He will also hold a Sunday service before the society, on Sunday forenoon, Jan. 4th, 1880.

He will be present at the levee and many other prominent mutes are also expected to be present.

In view of the fact that the custom of holding a New Years Levee in Boston has been omitted for several years it is hoped that there will be a large attendance.

The hall will be open all day and night, every effort will be made to ensure the most pleasant passage of time for all in attendance.

Admission to the levee, 50 cents, and children at and under the age of 12, at 25 cents. Supper 50 cents extra.

Particulars are shortly to be issued in circulars which will be sent to those whose addresses the committee happen to have. Any one failing to get a circular, or desiring further information can obtain them by writing to Geo. A. Holmes, Registry of Deeds Office, Boston, Mass.

Send postage stamps if answers or tickets are wanted.

GEORGE A. HOLMES, WM. LYNDE, GEO. A. NEWHALL, W. H. KNAUSE, Com. of Arrangements.

Funeral Services of Prof. Van Nostrand, the Friend of the Deaf and Dumb.

The funeral services over the remains of Prof. Jacob Van Nostrand, one of the oldest and most successful instructors of deaf-mute in this country, were held at 10:30 o'clock yesterday morning, at the residence of Mr. C. F. Buxton, the Professor's son-in-law, corner Fifth-avenue and East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street. The large parlors of the house were too small to accommodate all the friends of Prof. Van Nostrand who were anxious to pay the last tribute to his memory, and the hall-way was crowded, as well as the stairway leading to the upper floors. The body rested in a heavy rose-wood casket in the main parlor. A sickle, composed of immortelles and a sheaf of golden wheat were deposited on the casket, and on the floor was a wreath of immortelles and white roses. At 10:15, some 30 members from the Institution for Deaf-mutes, marshalled by Dr. Isaac L. Peet, the Principal, and the Rev. William Adams, the President, entered the house, and were conducted to the parlor in which the casket rested, and where seats had been reserved for them. They filed slowly by the opened coffin, and each took a long look at the face of the man who had devoted his life to the amelioration of the deaf and dumb. Many wept copiously as they gazed upon their dead friend, and all seemed thoroughly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. Finally all were seated around the casket, and the services began. The deaf-mutes watched the lips of the speakers with intense earnestness, and seemed to catch the spirit of the addresses. The services were not in accordance with the ritual of any sect, and the hymns of nearly all denominations, who had known and esteemed Prof. Van Nostrand during his life, were present. At 2:30 the Rev. Dr. E. L. Clark, Pastor of the Church of the Puritans, made the opening prayer, and read a short lesson from the Scriptures on the brevity of human life and the necessity of preparing for eternity. The Rev. William Adams followed in a long prayer for the friends of the deceased, and especially for the deaf-mutes, who had lost in Prof

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

COLUMBUS LETTER.

THANKSGIVING DAY EXERCISES—RESIGNATION OF A TEACHER—APPOINTMENT—PERSONAL.

Thanksgiving day at the institution was observed by a general suspension of school routine. The weather on the occasion was just warm enough to make outdoor exercises pleasant and the boys took advantage of it by going about the city sight-seeing, while the girls contented themselves with various amusements in and about the house to make time pass pleasantly. At nine o'clock A. M. the pupils assembled in the chapel and superintendent Fay delivered a short but interesting lecture suitable to the occasion, in which the manifold blessings vouchsafed to mankind during the past year were reviewed. At one o'clock a substantial dinner was served, and no doubt the appetite, sharpened by the forenoon's exercises, appeared to its entire satisfaction with turkey, cranberry sauce, mince pie, etc. With one exception all the pupils were present in the dining room, and to supply all with turkey it took 64 of the much-abused birds to go around.

The exercises of the day closed with an entertainment in the evening in the chapel. It has been customary for a number of years past, for Clionia, the literary society of the institution, composed of pupils of the advanced classes, to get up some kind of amusement for Thanksgiving evening and on this occasion it presented the following programme: Declaration—Eva, the Mason's child, J. F. Haskins; Dialogue—The Village Love and Murder.

CHARACTERS.

Ada, the Village Belle, Mary M. Pickrel; Serene, a Sailor, J. S. Leib; Master Tommy, a Mischievous Boy, J. Hahn; Old Mark, a Retired Farmer, M. Mullen; Mr. Bags, a House-keeper, J. D. Stewart; M. Videle, an Exquisite, G. Klein; Joachim, a Policeman, J. F. Haskins.

VILLAGERS, VISITORS, ETC.

At the time the performances began the seating capacity of the chapel, including the gallery, was entirely taken up which is no unusual occurrence, as many persons from the city attend the entertainments at the institution, and on this occasion there was no exception to this rule. Mr. J. F. Haskins' rendering of the declaration Eva was performed in a manner that was duly appreciated by those present. Of the dialogue, without going into details, it will be sufficient to say, that it was noted in a manner entirely satisfactory to those who witnessed it, there was enough of the comical about it to keep all in a good and laughable mood during its performance. After its close Masters Garretson, Orr, Sawhill and Weckel treated the audience with some of their gymnastical skill in turning somersaults, and exercising upon a horizontal bar, in which they proved themselves adepts and for which they received the plaudits of those present. Several graduates, having relatives who are pupils, spent the day at the institution.

The institution during the past week has lost, by resignation, the services of a valuable and experienced teacher in the person of Miss Kate Millikan who has taught successfully since 1872. The cause which necessitated this was her failing eyesight and poor health. Miss Mary M. Pickrel who graduated from the institution last year has been appointed to the vacancy and will by practice, no doubt, discharge the duties acceptably.

The happiest deaf-mute about the State bled last Monday morning seemed to be Mr. J. A. Lynn, the cause of whose happiness proved to be the arrival of a 10^{lb} pound-bird, who thus supplies the missing link.

COLUMBUS.

Nov. 27th, 1879.

FROM MINNESOTA.

FRAZEE CITY, Nov. 27, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Enclosed please find \$1.50 for the JOURNAL, which I like very much.

I like this country better than any other State. People come here from Illinois and New York, and the old country in great numbers. This country has not many homesteads. I have lived on my homestead four years; in one year more I can have a deed of it. I would not sell my farm for six hundred dollars. I have raised wheat and grain and potatoes. So I have enough of them to keep my horses, cattle and poultry.

When I came here from my old home in New York State, I had to have some dollars, and bought my homestead. After that I worked six months at \$25 per month for a man, and I saved the money to build a new house, and bought one yoke oxen and hired the man to break them and to plow five acres. I made some money thereby. I have worked hard, but I can work easily.

My two brothers live two and a half miles from my home. I am living with my mother, and my little sister, in my home. My mother cooks for me.

My four-year-old cow was knocked down on the railroad by the locomotive and killed. The company were fined twenty-five dollars, and they paid it.

I want you to tell Hiram Ball to come out here. If he will come, I will send some money to help him, so he can get 160 acres of homestead. I am alone, without any deaf-mutes here. I wrote to Cyrus Morse, but he never answered me. I want to hear about him.

Yours truly,

ZACHIEUS DINKELBA.

THE LOVE OF DR. GALLAUDET.

The fountain of Gallaudet's love,
Exhaustless, silent, pure and deep,
Enduring as yon orbs above—
Gallaudet's love can never sleep.

Nor wayward acts of his erring friends,
Nor cold ingratitude can keep
Gallaudet's yearning bosom still—
His changeless love can never sleep.

Think not Gallaudet loveth less
Because temptation leads astray
From virtue, peace and happiness—
Think not that less his soul would pray.

When restless passions tempt away
Our friends from home, love's fountain deep,
Is troubled, till the safe return,
Gallaudet's love can never sleep.

And can Gallaudet e'er forget
Love's vigils o'er his friends to keep?
He may, "but I will not forget,"
His God is love and does not sleep.

New York Institution News.

Only those who have a sympathy with nature and with human nature can rightly appreciate and enjoy the delectable weather we are now experiencing. However bright Old Sol may beam upon us there is a perceptible touch of melancholy, and a tinge of sadness in all nature just now, peculiar to this season alone.

The silence of an autumn evening, so unlike the silence of any other time; the faint beams of the new moon just revealing the contour of the landscape, the stealthy rustle of the early ripened leaves that lie in little fantastic bunches along the path; these are the outward and easily discernible phases.

But we cannot describe that subtle sympathy with the waning year which feels that the life tides in earth and air have accomplished their mission, and that it only remains to gather up the results.

And we may add, it is also the time that the conventional small boy is penetrated by thrills of rapture as he looks a little way into the future and contemplates the annual advent of the buckwheat cake.

The most important, as well as the most enjoyable day of the week was Thursday, observed all over the Union as a day of National Thanksgiving. It proved a decided improvement on its predecessors. There was a perceptible increase in the amount of good cheer it brought all. And the causes we have to be thankful for are more numerous as is shown by the nation's prosperity and the advance it has made commercially. But it is not the purpose of our article to dwell on such an extensive and intricate subject as a nation's progress, but to explain briefly how the day was observed among us.

The most important and decisive event of the day was, of course, the dinner that was spread out in the tastefully decorated and commodious dining-hall for allaying the craving of the "inner man," from whose influence none are free. And of this the anticipations of the juvenile portion of our community were more than verified.

There was an abundance and of the best, for all, and good cheer and friendly feeling were the leading autocrats of the day.

In the evening young and old assembled in the young ladies' sitting room, where the fleeting hours were agreeably passed in recreations appropriate to such a gathering and occasion. But the absence of many familiar countenances was very perceptible, their owners being either at their respective homes or else sojourning at the residences of friends.

So the day with us passed over very quietly, and to all it proved a very enjoyable one, as a whole day's respite from the usual routine of school life cannot fail to be.

On the Monday preceding we had the inestimable pleasure of welcoming the Ladies' Committee. Among the other callers we note Mrs. Greenwood, wife of a wealthy and prominent lawyer of the great metropolis. She was accompanied in her visit by her daughter, a lady of culture and refinement, together with a friend from Cleveland, who had never before seen a school whose object was to teach those whom nature had deprived of the power of vocal utterance.

On the same day we had the pleasure of greeting again Messrs. Rhodes and McClure, of audiphonic fame. These gentlemen had the generosity to present an audiphone to each of the pupils who assisted them at the exhibition held in the city a week ago, mention of which I made in a former letter. He also presented three to the institution.

On the evening of Friday following Dr. Peet presided at a meeting of the Fanwood Literary Association, and in an appropriate speech introduced the lecturer of the evening, Hon. Hosea B. Perkins. His remarks were very interesting and well received, the approbation of the audience being shown in frequent bursts of enthusiasm.

There has been, as usual, a large attendance of visitors. On Friday thirteen were added to the already large list. We will not task the patience of the reader by enumerating more than we have already done.

A new fence is being constructed on the rising ground east of the spacious school building, and opposite the Mansion House, which will be effectually separated from the play ground by the aforesaid fence. We cannot give the reason of this proceeding, but those who originated it are evidently well posted and know what they are about. The complaint just now is that we have too much fence.

The painters have not finished their job yet, and are not likely to do so for some time.

The large and destructive fire which laid in ashes the large stable belonging to the 8th Avenue Road proved a source of great inconvenience to many

of the pupils. This was owing to the stoppage of the cars on the uptown branch. Consequently those who had planned to go to the city on Wednesday by that route had to either foot it or else resort to the only alternative that remained to them, and take the "L" road. This latter having progressed as far as 18th street will evidently receive all the patronage to the detriment of the surface road.

GOOSE QUILL.

Fanwood, N. Y., Nov. 28, 1879.

OUR THANKSGIVING.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 4, 1879.
DEAR JOURNAL:—Our ship of pleasure for whose anchorage in our silent Bay, we had waited day after day, at last appeared amid innumerable greetings on the 27th of November.

Children of all ages came to school, counting—small fingers counted one Thursday after another till many passed away and the never-to-be-forgotten Thursday came—through the land it was proclaimed a day of rest; no din from the busy village reached the ears, and a jubilee day it was for school-children.

We look back to the by-gone Thanksgiving day as one of the pleasantest events of our school-days. Night departed and the Thanksgiving morning broke with everything in glittering smiles, as if hallelujahs, to human ears unheard, ascended to their Maker. A world of life! Our hall of knowledge turned into a bee hive.

Thanks to the laws of Nature, things cannot remain unchanged. Noon succeeded morning. Recall the days of your happy childhood; no doubt your heart beats, cold perspiration stands on your brow, and then a sigh breaks when the curtain of the past opens and the scene of your youth stares you in the face. A single holiday, we were unable to say how slowly the hour-hands moved from one number to another. The bright day faded, and had it not been for the last pleasure, the one that was such an addition to our pleasure, slumber would have visited our weary eyes earlier. You would not turn your eyes from the attractive group of children in their wild joy. A representation of Rip Van Winkle!

Had our institution ever witnessed such a representation? I myself have been here a long time; but had never seen a play like that. I ventured to explore for contrasting opinions. Not a word of disappointment was heard; no mock of failure met our gaze—a complete success after a single hurried rehearsal. In the first scene Miss Foley represented Dame Winkle, scolding, scolding and scolding her poor Rip, Mr. Crouter. Irving, the author of that story gives the character of each person, and we had Messrs. Kirkbush as Money-lender, Pettigling, as bartender with Miss Anis, in a gaudy costume, as bar-maid; Hitchcock as sailor, after years' absence on the broad pathless ocean returned to gain and had Mena to the altar of matrimonial bliss. N. Weil represented Mena. Ringing voices and hands gave loud applause; the pupils were wild with excitement at such scenes; few have viewed such an evening in the chapel. It was crowded to the utmost, some known and others unknown to ourselves. Thanksgiving day has departed; another may come after the splendors of another summer has fallen prey to decay; but never a happier one.

November bade us its last farewell Sunday night, leaving us heaps of bright remembrances, what its successor is to bring us, whether joy or sorrow, no tongue can foretell. R.

A SURPRISE.

WEST MERIDEN, Nov. 22d, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—After having retired for the night at an unusually early hour, on the 21st inst., being fatigued and cold from a day's hard labor, I was soon lost in the arms of Morpheus, when I was unexpectedly called by my wife who stated that there were two guests awaiting my presence in the sitting room with two of our silent neighbors. Immediately I jumped out of bed, somewhat dazed from my nap and, rubbing my eyes wide awake, I proceeded to put on my stockings. I had one on and was putting on the other when I perceived something biting my toe so that I was forced to kick the whole thing away from my foot. On looking for the cause, I found that our household pet, a little chipmunk was in it for the night. I hastened to dress myself and on entering the sitting room was surprised to have the honor of greeting the newly-wedded couple just arrived from New York, Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Ould, in all the glory of their honeymoon. We passed the time pleasantly till about midnight, when they left with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Geisler to remain with them over night before journeying homeward.

Yours, etc.,

C. H. STEERE.

A WEDDING.

WATERBURY, Nov. 18th, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—A happy marriage occurred at Hatford, Conn., which was both interesting and enjoyable to many scholars of the American Asylum. The contracting parties, Mortimer W. Seaman, of Thomaston, and Miss Maggie A. McCann, of Waterbury, are both graduates of the above institution and were married at the residence of and by the Rev. Wm. W. Turner, Nov. 13th, at 11 A. M. In the afternoon the happy pair visited the asylum. Friday they returned to Waterbury, and called on the well-known Chas. F. Saxe and his genial wife, where they were met by many of their

silent friends who (by actions which speak louder than words) bestowed many congratulations on the newly-married couple. Next day the bridegroom and bride went to Thomaston where they are to reside.

Yours respectfully,
AN EYE WITNESS.

MICHIGAN CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I would have written sometime ago, but many circumstances have prevented me from doing so.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Thanksgiving day without a timely snow fall, may not be quite up to the ideal programme, but there was at least one thing to be thankful for on Thursday, and that was a mild atmosphere. The churches that pooled their congregations in order to get a fair number of hearers, had every reason to be satisfied with the results of their arrangements. It was a good day to go to church, and a great many went who would have probably remained at home had the weather been cold and squally. It is seldom that a Thanksgiving is more generally observed. After dinner hardly any places of business were open, except the saloons, cigar stores, and drug stores, which like the temples of Janus among the Romans, are never closed. But few vehicles were noticed on the streets, except grocery wagons, that sped about early on their errands of mercy.

Turkey was the staple bill of fare, and demanded equal attention when he didn't absorb a monopoly of it, with other substantial and the numerous "pretty little tiny Knickshams" that went to complete nearly an ambitious spread.

Your correspondent's wife was invited to spend the Thanksgiving day with Mrs. Osborne, (sister of Miss Mary Morgan, a graduate of the Michigan Institution, blind department) and enjoyed herself very well.

Henry L. Zimmerman, a graduate of the Michigan Institution, is working with your correspondent at the Saginaw Bulletin office.

A deaf and dumb man, named Briggs, was struck by the westward bound passenger train on the D. L. & N. Railroad, at Portland, Tuesday night, November 21st, and was fatally injured.

The following was clipped from the morning Herald of East Saginaw: "They couldn't make him speak." They had a dime supper in the neighborhood of Pawtucket, R. I., conceived and carried out by the ladies. The conditions of this novel supper were these:—For every word spoken by the gentlemen at the supper-table, a forfeit of ten cents was imposed; but on the other hand (as duties are always compensated with rights and restrictions, with privileges), it was agreed that whoever could weather the whole supper, submitting to all queries, surprises, and ingenious questions without replying, should be entitled to it gratuitously. Many and frequent were the artifices and subterfuges resorted to by the ladies in attendance to entrap the unguarded, and one after another stout and discreet man went down before the constant volley of artful interrogations. At last all fell out and paid the dime penalty, save one individual—a queer chap—whom nobody seemed to know. He attended strictly to business, and passed unheeded the jokes, jabs, and challenges. They quizzed him, but all in vain. He wrestled with the turkey, and grappled with the goose. He bailed out the cranberry sauce with an unswerving hand, and he ate celery as the scriptural vegetarian ate grass; and finally, when he had finished his fifth piece of pie, he whipped out a pocket slate, and wrote on it in a large and forcible hand: "I am deaf and dumb."

JOHN BROOKS.

Saginaw, Mich., Dec. 1, 1879.

FROM NORTHERN NEW YORK.

NORTH STOCKHOLM, N. Y., Dec. 7, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Desirous of letting our friends know where we are and what we are doing, I drop a few lines for publication in the JOURNAL. We are now settled at this place, having bought a nice farm supplied with a good and convenient house, a good barn and stable and shop. It is but six miles from Potsdam, where we used to live before we moved here, and one mile from Knapp Station on the Ogdensburg & Lake Champlain Railroad. Knapp Station is called North Stockholm. We have two post-offices, viz.: Potsdam and North Stockholm, but the latter is nearer to us, and to this office we want our JOURNAL to be mailed hereafter. But we go to our Episcopal Church in Potsdam as heretofore.

I need not say that we are as happy as a clam at the high water. We are raising several hundreds of chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys. I also keep a "Jack-of-all-trades" shop on the road for the sale of groceries, mending shoes and boots, repairing and making cabinet goods, brackets, etc. Besides this, we have 31¹/₂ acres of cultivated land and 21 of wood land, a gift from my wife's brother, of St. Louis, to whom we owe a great debt of gratitude.

Nothing happening, we may attend the national convention if Syracuse be selected for that purpose on the 25th of next August. Please put down my name in the list for Syracuse. Prof. Job Turner recently made us a nice present of his cabinet photograph which is life-like picture of himself. We think a good deal of him and shall be glad to have him hold another service for us when he returns to the North from the South.

Charles Charlton, a great deaf-mute tramp, made us a call the other day. After having given him good advice to

go to work and earn a honorable living, he left for parts unknown.

Your truly
J. H. WINSLOW.

PROGRESS.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The organization of the debating and literary society which had been so long urged, was brought up for consideration on the night of the 27th ult., and met the hearty approval of those in attendance. Accordingly it was formed with Mr. Barwick for president, and Mr. Vance for vice-president, who have not only manifested a kind interest in it, but have used their influence to render it a most desirable one. It is due to the increasing enthusiasm resulting from the benefits from the beginning of the religious organization made ten years ago. There were only fifteen present, owing to the rainy weather which detained about ten more at home. A full attendance is expected to-morrow evening and some good may result from it. The society will hold its meetings every other Saturday, and be kept up, the privilege of occupying one of the nicely furnished rooms in the building of the Y. M. C. A., being extended to it. The religious services are conducted as usual one week after, and have been continually the means of good to all the members. In addition, I can but feel that the society will be very beneficial to those who seek to be surrounded by such improvements, and to acquire true and substantial knowledge, experience in every sphere of duty in which they are required to act; and this exposure to error diminishes just in proportion as the substantial knowledge increases. Hence, our success in life depends almost entirely upon our substantial knowledge.

It shows very pleasantly that they devote the energies with which they are endowed to honest effort, and thus secure their own virtuous enjoyment, and contribute to the general welfare of mankind.

The mind may be aptly compared to the soil of the earth. If the husbandman sows precious seeds in the soil, he will be rewarded with a harvest of useful grains; so if the seed of true virtue and morality be sown in the soil of the mind, and properly cultivated, it will produce an abundant harvest of usefulness and happiness. If the soil of the earth be neglected, it will be overgrown with briars and brambles; so if the soil of the mind be neglected, it will be overgrown with the brambles of ignorance and superstition. Like a sheet of paper, the mind is capable of receiving and retaining the impressions of truth, the teachings of religion, of beauty, pleasure, and useful knowledge which are highly desirable.

It is a fact not to be disputed that the drones of the human hive enjoy the benefits which result from the industry of the working bees. This is the difference, however, between the human bee and the insect, that while the latter expels the drones from the hive, the former elevates them to the highest position, and respects them most.

Which acts the most rationally? The bee acts according to the laws of its creator: man acts according to his own perverted conventionalities.

It may be said that some persons will be successful in the struggle of life while others will be unsuccessful; that the natural endowments will not enable them to contend successfully with their more favored brethren, and therefore, this discrepancy in the condition of different persons is unavoidable, and should charitable aid be extended to these who are thus unsuccessful, it would only be offering a reward for indolence and worthlessness. Wretchedness and destitution are the penalties with which nature punishes indolence, and we would not, by any means, relieve those who are suffering in consequence of the operation of this principle of nature except by extending to them additional incentives to virtuous action.

Hearing persons of sound mind and body who refuse to comply with the law of nature which demands the proper exercise of the mental and physical endowments, has no claim upon the sympathy or aid of society. All that society has to do with such persons is simply to leave them to the operations of nature, and they will be sufficiently punished.

I cannot close without mentioning the gentlemen connected with the Y. M. C. A., who have evinced a spirit of liberality in behalf of our society, and are entitled to its thanks.

HAMILTON.

Cincinnati, O., Dec. 5, 1879.

The Gallaudet Literary Society.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 5, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—If I can have the pleasure of being a correspondent of your valuable paper, I will write you a brief sketch of what is going on at our school.

There are about three hundred and twenty-five pupils here, nearly as many as we had last year, and all are enjoying good health. The management under Dr. William Glenn, our Superintendent, is very strict and we like him. There are seventeen teachers filling with useful knowledge the brains of their pupils who are improving rapidly.

A new society has been organized called the Gallaudet Literary Society, in honor of Dr. Edward Gallaudet, President of the Deaf-Mute College, and consist of thirty-five members.

At a public meeting on Saturday, Nov. 29th, about three hundred and thirty-five persons were present, including some of the teachers and officers. It was opened by a prayer by Mr. Henry Burhaus, and the president made a brief speech concerning its organization, after which the vice-president, secretary, and treasurer, made their

appearance to let the audience know that they were the officers.

The exercises then began and Mr. Oscar Osborn of the middle grade of the Academic department gave us a very interesting recitation. His subject was "The Musicians of Bremen." At his close he received loud applause from the spectators, and the officers who were present say it was a very interesting story, and the representation by signs the best they ever saw a deaf-mute perform.

Mr. Edwin J. Binkley, of the same grade, next gave us a very interesting recitation entitled William Wall, the Wolf Slayer, which kept the attention of the audience and received much applause at its close.

This was followed by another given by George C. Newton. His subject was "The Burglar," and it was very successfully done.

Then poetry was introduced, and Mr. Osborn gave us a piece entitled "The Drummer Boy" which was so nicely performed that he received almost universal applause. It was considered equal to any performance ever witnessed in this institution.

Mr. Binkley was again called upon the rostrum to give his essay on the subject of "Machinery" which he did with his usual ability, eliciting the hearty applause of the members.

Then began the debate on the question, "Which is of the greatest benefit to his country, the Warrior, the Statesman, or the Poet?" and at its close the deciding vote resulted in favor of the Poet.

Mr. Howard Kramer gave us a recitation on the adventures of "Baron Munchausen" which kept the audience laughing, and won their repeated applause.

* Mr. James Comley also gave us a recitation, "The wealthy man and his wives," which kept up the interest, and manifestations of approval were continued.

Mr. Charles Daubzer's recitation was "The Tower of London," and the audience showed no signs of weariness. There were other exercises of like character with which the audience seemed greatly pleased. The platform had been tastefully decorated for the occasion.

A PUPIL.

Letter From James H. Logan to Mr. Turner.

BRANDY STATION, Va., Nov. 28, 1879.
MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—It may not be improper to send you a copy of a letter from Mr. James H. Logan, Acting Principal of the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Turtle Creek, Allegheny county, Penn. The letter reached me the very moment I arrived here from Washington city, yesterday morning, after a mission work of seventeen days on the way from Boston, Mass., which I left on the 10th inst. The end of the journey did not find me much fatigued. The contents of the letter are as follows:

Dear Sir:—Yours of the 3d with \$1 enclosed came all right. I am much obliged to you for your kind interest in the magazine. It is my sincere desire to make it the means of much happiness and profit to all the deaf-mute children and youth of the country. It is a very expensive magazine, but the price has been placed so low that all can get it. I suppose your heart is still young enough to enjoy many of these stories simple though they be. Many old gentlemen and ladies tell me that they enjoy reading the magazine. The stories are nearly all old ones in a new dress, and old and young will enjoy reading them as long as the world lasts. I want all deaf-mute children to enjoy the happiness of reading these stories, just as other children do. I think we have made the language so easy and simple that deaf-mute children can easily understand it with a little help from their teachers.

Should you call here, you will of course be welcome. We are always glad to welcome friends of the deaf and dumb.

Yours truly,
(Signed) JAMES H. LOGAN,

Acting Principal.

I fully concur in what Mr. Logan says, and he will pardon me for using his letter expressly for the good of the magazine.

Yours sincerely,
J. T.

CLIMB YET HIGHER.

There is a striking contrast in the intellectual and social condition of deaf-mutes of to-day and those of by-gone days. Not a great many years ago they were looked upon as mere objects of charity and the children of misfortune, and were supposed to be indolent and without reasoning powers.

As we depend in a great measure upon the times, circumstances and state of civilization of people of the past in order to form a basis upon which to rest their standard of literary achievements we can very well overlook this absurd supposition. Of late years the world has been startled at the advancement in learning a reasonable proportion of deaf-mutes have made. The lamented John Kitto, of London, England, a very learned deaf-mute, who wrote many valuable works, among which were a Bible dictionary, was a doctor of divinity. There is a large number of deaf-mutes who are either bachelors or masters of Arts, but there is only one now living who is a real doctor of divinity. This distinguished personage happens to be Prof. P. A. Emery, Principal, of the Chicago Mute Schools, author of several spiritual scientific works, and the designer of scientific charts called "Order of Creation" and "Landscapes of History." A good deal has been said of him and his works in the papers, the Chicago Witness having recently written quite a lengthy complimentary editorial on

Prof. Emery and his latest work, called "Who Killed Cock Robin," or crying evils in the deaf-mute world.

The impression seems to prevail to some extent that a deaf-mute cannot master theology. A deaf-mute was once believed to be unable to spell the word "ox," but that was a thing of the dark ages. So shall it be (as has already) with deaf-mutes as regards theology and other like sciences, and especially those muter whose interior perceptions are broad and deep. It is not much of a wonder, therefore, that some persons (particularly shallow-minded ones) receive the announcement of Prof. Emery being a Doctor of Divinity with some degree of skepticism. Now to prove that the Professor has penetrated even farther than many other Doctor of Divinities, and that he has been acknowledged ahead of many of them, and is more than entitled to the highest of degrees, the writer hereof will in the following paragraph cite three or four instances to substantiate the same. It must be borne in mind that the theology of which he is master of is scientific theology and not the irrational old-dogma theology.

The Rev. Dr. Burnham, D. D., of Harrisburg, Pa., a venerable gentleman of profound theological and scientific learning, on examining Prof. Emery's chart on "Order of Creation" for several hours replied, in answer to the Professor's inviting him to point out any faults in the arrangement, as based on science and reason, "No fault, you are ahead of me in your knowledge of the order of creation." Rev. Geo. Field, D. D., a graduate of Oxford College, who knows as much about scientific theology as any man that ever lived, after closely examining and studying the chart, "No fault." But the greatest of all known men of deep learning who have come to see and examine Mr. Emery's chart probably was Prof. Stafford, professor of mathematical astronomy in Washington University, of whom the world has heard so much. His reply in answer to being politely requested to correct any faults that he knew of was, "I cannot find any faults, am not able to criticize that, you know more than I do about the order of creation." While Mr. Emery was rather young and struggling along in the world, he hired himself out to a Methodist minister who lived on a farm, all the remuneration he received being his board. Soon the rural divine began to see very plainly that Mr. Emery was much more than he appeared to be, and afterwards remarked: "He knows too much to be poking around like a seeming ignorant man."

Now, in the face of the above, who will attempt to deny that Prof. Emery is not deeply versed in theology and is master of it? In fact, according to his own statement the Professor is at home on no other subject so well, and sees nothing more clearly than theology, which has been his hobby through life. Prof. E. is an extraordinary man in many respects, and his early life, and the first few years of his married life are full of romance, and thrilling and laughable incidents. His chart is yet incomplete, but as soon as it is finished he will challenge the whole world to prove it to be false or detect any errors in the order of creation. Mutes, his own brethren, know but a grain about his true worth, while the hearing world recognizes in him a man possessed of wonderful learning, who can easily discern and explain to their satisfaction any question savoring of religion or theology.

Prof. Emery's life and honors should be the means of stimulating other deaf-mutes to higher steps in both literature and the walks of life. There is not the least reason in the world why there should not be more Emerys. What one man can do others can do if they try. In conclusion I will say that there will be none who will read this article with greater surprise than Prof. Emery himself. He was just as ignorant of the fact that one of his intimate friends was writing this article as any of the readers of the JOURNAL. While the writer has written this for the special good of deaf-mutes, he hopes Prof. Emery will not be anything but pleased with what he has written.

J. E. GALLAGHER.

NOTICE.

The regular annual meeting of the Oswego County Agricultural Society for the election of officers and the transaction of necessary business will be held at the Mexico Hotel in the village of Mexico, on the 31st day of December, 1879 at 12 o'clock noon.

M. W. COLLINS, Sec'y.

Dated Dec. 4, 1879.

—In the Senate, last Tuesday two petitions were presented praying for an appropriation to improve the Harlem River, in order to make a short cut from the Hudson River to east side of New York. One of these petitions was presented by Senator Kernan, signed by Smith Ely, Jr., and seventy-six others; the other was presented by Senator Wallace from the Pennsylvania Coal Company.

